

the Blackfeet, and were returning home with their mother, Ray-of-Morning. Snowflake and Wildbird were soon in the embrace of their overjoyed father, and all the followers of the Blackrobes knelt to bless and thank the Great Spirit.

Before the end of the moon of August, the men and women of the fierce Dakotas had gathered around the mission house in circular rows of wigwams. With solemn faces they listened to the truths and precepts of the Gospel as explained by the Jesuits. To forgive their enemies was indeed a hard lesson to poor children of nature, whilst to return good for evil seemed to them impossible. But God's mercy is all sufficient, and it was so abundantly bestowed that on the recurring feast of St. Michael, in honor of the deliverer of the doves of their fold, nearly all were made children of the Great Spirit by the saving waters of baptism.

THE CHOIR BOY'S WISH.

I wish I were the little key
That locks love's Captive in,
And lets Him out to go and free
A sinful heart from sin.

I wish I were the little bell
That tinkles for the Host,
When God comes down each day to dwell
With hearts He loves the most.

I wish I were the chalice fair
That holds the Blood of Love,
When every flash lights holy prayer
Upon its way above.

I wish I were the little flower
So near the host's sweet face,
Or like the light that half an hour
Burns on the shrine of grace.

I wish I were the altar where,
As on His Mother's breast,
Christ nestles, like a child, fore'er
In Eucharistic rest.

I wish I were the incense sweet
That floats before His face,
When the tinkling rush of seraphs' feet
Fills all the holy place.

But, O my God! I wish the most
That my poor heart may be
A home all holy for each Host
That comes in love to me.

"NO MOTHER."

The other day, when a stern and dignified judge ordered a prisoner to stand up and offer objections to being sentenced to prison for a long term of years, the prisoner arose and said:

"I never had a mother to shed tears over me."

His words entered every heart in the great court room. He was a rough, bad man in the middle age of life, and he had been convicted of burglary, but every heart softened toward him as he uttered the words. He felt what he said, and tears rolled down his cheeks as he continued:

"If I had a mother's love and a mother's tears—some one to plead for me and pray for me—I should not be what I am."

Ah, that's it! There is a power in a mother's love, and her tears and pleadings and prayers, whose influence is hardly to be realized. God pity the lad who has no home to go to—no mother to whom he can tell his troubles and griefs—no one to put her arms around his neck and whisper to heaven to keep him in the right path. There is no heart like a mother's heart. Her child may wound it again and again, and pierce it with a sword, and yet it has only love and affection for him. It is the first to excuse his faults—the last to condemn. There is no love like a mother's love—so enduring, so tender, so far-reaching. It is lavished upon the child in the cradle, and it follows the boy over the ocean. It calls up the wanderer the first thing in the morning, and it strays with him until sleep closes the eyes. When a mother's love for her offspring dies out, he may be called too wicked and wretched to live among men.